

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Great Plans Afoot for Prize Awarding to Workers in Community Gardens at Chestnut Hill. Other Things Discussed

AFTER all, it's easy enough to make a plate of fudge, or beat up a few biscuits, or pop some popovers, or turn out a pie (which the cook has baked for you), for the weekly and bimonthly sales which are being held all over the countryside...

Yes, that's all very easy; but to dig, plant, hoe, rake and all the rest of it, in order to show what you were able to grow in your particular community garden, or just how beautifully and remarkably well jellied your jelly is, has become the task of all Chestnut Hill women...



MRS. ARTURO DE HEEREN

Mrs. de Heeren will soon move to Washington, D. C. Her husband was recently added to the staff of secretaries of the Spanish Embassy.

Special prizes will be awarded for canned vegetables and garden produce, and a novel feature will be the awarding of prizes to Boy Scouts who have worked at their work gardens...

A long list of patronesses has been secured, among whom are Mrs. Bruce Ford, Mrs. Bayard Bowler, Mrs. Andrew Blair, Mrs. Howard Seaver, Miss Anne Laughlin, Mrs. Charles Lea, Mrs. Arthur Wolcott, Mrs. John Packard, Mrs. George C. Thomas, Mrs. W. W. Harper, Mrs. John Gribbel, Mrs. Joseph Hill, Mrs. Marshall Morgan, Mrs. James Cheston, Miss Ernestine Goodman, Mrs. George Woodward, Miss Doris Earle, Mrs. William A. Dick, Mrs. J. B. Van Sciver, Mrs. Francis I. Gowen, Mrs. Henry Paul, Mrs. Edward Stobesbury, Mrs. Francis McHenry, Mrs. Radcliffe Cheston, Mrs. William D. Dison, Mrs. Walter Clark, Mrs. H. A. Laughlin, Mrs. Edward L. Welsh, Mrs. W. Goodman, Jr., Mrs. John J. Henry, Mrs. John Story Jenks, Mrs. Randal Morgan, Mrs. Joseph Elias, Mrs. Jay Cooke, Mrs. Frederick Taylor, Mrs. Warner Butterworth and Mrs. Samuel Houston.

Some representative bunch of women that, eh, wot?

THE Orville Bullitts, of Chestnut Hill, are going up to Bar Harbor soon to stay for several weeks. Mrs. Bullitt was Susie Ingersoll, you know. Orville, I understand, is awaiting his assignment to a place in the ordnance department. He was among those drafted, but having been chosen for this department some time ago will probably work for Uncle Sam in this way.

I HEAR the Albert Marriott Chandlers are going to leave soon for New York, where they will live in the future. Mrs. Chandler was Helen Boyd, of Haverford. She is a daughter of Mr. James Boyd, who is spending the summer at Haverford Court. Her brother, Fisher Boyd, you remember, married Joe Wood. Do you also remember what a tragic time they had? The original date of the wedding had to be changed, for Fisher was suddenly taken down with scarlet fever at the Wood's home some few days before the wedding date, and had to be nursed through his illness there, because they, of course, would not allow him to be taken to the Municipal Hospital, and so had a nurse and everything there for him. However, it ended happily, for he got well and they were married and have lived happily ever after.

MRS. WILLIAM COXE WRIGHT is still up at Newport, where Billy is stationed. She was another recent bride, Eleanor Carpenter, daughter of Dr. Jack Carpenter, the well-known eye specialist, and very much like him in appearance, though Eleanor is much fairer, but she has the same curly hair. Billy is a brother of Mrs. Billy Forbess; in other words, Daisy Cox Wright, and lives on the Main Line. He is at present in the reserves.

MISS LELLA LANDSTREET, of St. Martins, is entertaining Mrs. Butler, of New York. Incidentally, Mrs. Butler is the mother of Captain Edward Whitman, and has just come up from Baltimore, where she has been visiting since her son's marriage to Suzanne White, which took place on July 14.

ONE of the latest recruits to ambulance units was Arnold Jennings, son of Dr. and Mrs. William Beatty Jennings, of Germantown. He has gone to New York, and will sail for France with the Eighth unit ambulance corps, which is to go very soon.

GREAT zeal is surely commendable, but then prudence and judgment should also be exercised, should they not? But I suppose we must excuse the police department for being extra zealous after our friend Josephus sent word all the way from Washington how very bad vice conditions were here for the sailors and marines. I am afraid much, very much, of it is true, too.

However, the detectives should be more "shoozy" and the next time they happen to see a particularly respectable and dignified gentleman of settled years coming down a street with a woman, certainly

DRILLS AND RED CROSS WORK AT LANSDOWNE

British and Canadian Officers Were Entertained at Military Training Corps Camp

On Sunday afternoon the rookies had a drill in honor of the British and Canadian officers who have come to Philadelphia for a recruiting campaign. The drill was held on the Philadelphia Militia Training Corps camp ground, and the "drillers" were the Philadelphia Corps, the Waynes Battalion from the Main Line, our Lansdowne Home Defense Reserve, and a small company of men from the East Lansdowne Fire Company. Col. St. George Loftus Steele, the head of the British detachment, which reviewed the men, seemed greatly pleased with their enthusiasm and eagerness to do their best, and told them he knew that when the time came they would all do their duty as skilled soldiers.

In addition to the drill there was a sham battle in which the whole force, excepting the East Lansdowne company, engaged. And then they were Red Cross nurses on the field, too, setting up their tents, and doing rescue work.

Speaking of Red Cross, the women connected with that organization out here are as busy as bees, and if a "crosser" isn't at her home, you are pretty sure to find her at the Red Cross House. You see, because there has been such a very great demand for hospital garments for soldiers and sailor boys, the Lansdowne branch has increased the number of working days in this department from two a week to four. There surely can be no reason why my lady cannot come one of these days to help in "sewing shirts for soldiers," for if she has an engagement Monday afternoon, why, she can come Tuesday, and, if she simply must go to town on Thursday, there is Friday afternoon. Mrs. Oscar M. Kimberley, the director of this department, has appointed two women for each of these afternoons to serve as co-chairmen for several weeks. Just now the chairman who are serving are: Monday, Mrs. Reece Phillips and Miss Mabel Phillips; Tuesday, Mrs. William C. Jackson and Mrs. George Carey; Wednesday, Mrs. Oscar Kimberley and Mrs. Henry S. Barker; Friday, Mrs. Matlack and Miss Lester.

The department for making surgical dressings meets Tuesday evenings and Thursday mornings. Mrs. Garretson Cook is certainly doing her bit with this department. She gives out the work and supervises it, and is always ready to help any new worker. She and her sister sort and examine the dressings, and you know that is some job. Mrs. Cook said the other day that she would like to be "over there," but she felt she was doing more here, and she, too, has a job in France.

The Junior Belgian Relief Club met last Friday afternoon at little Susannah Rucker's home. Susannah is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Rucker, who live on North Wycobama avenue. The club meets every other Friday afternoon at the different girls' homes, and they are going to continue to meet—that is, those of the members who are still at home—all during the summer. And what do you think these youngsters are doing? Why, supporting a Belgian child for a year. Isn't that perfectly splendid? It's a really, truly club, too, for there are officers. Ann Powell is the secretary and Marie McCormick the treasurer, and the hostess at each meeting acts as chairman in a truly grown-up way.

Ethel Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. George Gilbert's daughter, was married this afternoon at 4 o'clock to Mr. G. Harris Glewne, of Bellefonte. The bride is the daughter of the Gilberts' home, on Wycobama avenue. Ethel made a lovely bride, for she is so sweet-looking. Her cousin, Helen Taylor, was the maid of honor.

Weddings

DEACON—MACDONALD A quiet wedding took place today at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Macdonald, of Green street, Germantown, when their daughter, Miss Marjorie Macdonald, became the bride of Mr. Gerald Hartley Deacon, of Bellefonte. The wedding was held at 10 o'clock, and was officiated by the Rev. Walter Sandt performed the ceremony, which was attended by the two families only. The bride had Miss Josephine Stevens Akorn as maid of honor and Mr. Newton Brey was best man. A small reception followed. After an extended wedding journey, Mr. Deacon and his bride will live in Germantown.

McMANUS—STALEY A wedding of interest to persons in this city took place in St. Paul's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Pittsburgh, this morning, when Miss Pauline Regina Staley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Staley, and Mr. Leo P. McManus, of West Philadelphia, were married by the Rev. B. J. Bradley, of Emmitsburg, Md. Miss Gertrude McManus, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor, and Mr. Joseph A. McManus was his brother's best man.

Miss Staley wore a gown of white embroidered lace over shell-pink crepe de chine. Her hair was of pink georgette crepe, trimmed with French flowers, and her only ornament was the gift of the bridegroom, a platinum harp of diamonds. They will be at home on their return in Philadelphia. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McManus, parents of the bridegroom; Miss Cecil McGovern, Miss Marie McManus, Miss Elizabeth McManus, Miss Helen M. Kelly, Mr. Joseph F. Kelly and Mr. Francis Morris, of this city.

THE Rev. Mr. Gurley, by the way, has been appointed secretary of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. of North America for service with the American expeditionary forces in France and England. Mr. Gurley's friends hate to part with him as soon as next month. When he reaches the other side he will assume his duties in one of the Y. M. C. A. huts at the front.

General Haig has been heard to say that he considered this branch of the service as indispensable to an army. So Mr. Gurley will carry many good wishes for the success of his work, though I have always understood that they did not allow any "girlies" in the Y. M. C. A., haven't you?

For which feeble joke, Nancy, we will squelch you till tomorrow.



MISS FRANCES VIENER

MISS CECELIA SCHWAUENFELD Miss Schwaufenfeld and Miss Viener will take an active part in the dance to be given on Friday, August 3, at the Royal Palace in Atlantic City. The proceeds of the dance will be devoted to charity.

HIS FIRST TRAINING



Patrotic Workman—I been thinkin', Bill; supposin' we enlist in the infantry 'stead o' the calvary?

The Red Mouse

A Story of Love, Jealousy and Politics BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

THE STORY THIS FAR MIRIAM CHALLENGER, a devoted young wife, is waiting for her husband to return from the front. She is waiting in vain, for she has heard nothing from him since he was sent to the front.

MIRIAM CHALLENGER, a devoted young wife, is waiting for her husband to return from the front. She is waiting in vain, for she has heard nothing from him since he was sent to the front. She is waiting in vain, for she has heard nothing from him since he was sent to the front.

and was about to talk to Central, but wheeled his mind, bung up the receiver, changed round on the sergeant and asked: "Were you going home?"

"Yes, Why?" "The captain passed over two black cigars. "Smoke 'em—they'll keep you awake. And when he went on, placing his hand soothingly upon the other's arm, "you wouldn't mind looking up Chairman Peter Broderick, would you? It isn't everybody I can trust."

"First, try these four addresses. If he's not at any of these, then try his home; you'll be sure to find him there. But see, him—don't take no for an answer, and after you have told him the whole story, get his orders—see?"

"I took an hour and a half to locate Chairman Peter Broderick; the sergeant found him home—in his rooms on the ground floor of the Iniquis Club. He waited for some time before he could gain access to that estimable gentleman, for Peter Broderick's hour for rising was high noon. The boy who aroused him awakened a slumbering lion; the Iniquis Club covered when Broderick woke up; others covered, too. Broderick's word was law everywhere, and yet he wore no badge of authority, held no office—did not even want one. He was higher than authority, stronger than civic force; he was never personified. He had attained that mystical position in the universe, known wherever men cast ballots as Chairman of the County Committee, which meant to owe no man a duty, but to demand servitude and fealty from every man. It meant more—it meant to hold the bag! It meant that whatever Peter Broderick wanted he got."

"Well," roared Broderick to the sergeant, "what in thunder do you want?" "The desk sergeant briefly set forth his credentials and authority, and then plunged boldly into the purpose of his presence. "The captain wants to know what he's to do about this Hargrave murder." "Hargrave murder?" he repeated. "What Hargrave?" "The sergeant told him. "Great Scott!" so he's dead. Confound him! He bled me like thunder at draw the last time I met him!"

"The sergeant went on to give him the facts; Broderick the while was thinking deeply. Finally he interrupted the other with the question: "Look here, sergeant, what was there to prevent Hargrave being shot down by a highwayman or a thug? Can you tell me that?" "Officer Keogh says— "Haug Officer Keogh?" yelled Broderick. "Keogh is going to say nothing but what's he told to say. Look here—do you know who killed Hargrave?" "No. "Does anybody know?" "So far so good. Now, then, that's a

CHAPTER III—(Continued) THE captain appeared unusually early in his hand. Slapping the morning editions, scareheads, uppermost in front of the sergeant, he blurted out: "What's this here?" "The sergeant glanced at the topmost sheet and skimmed rapidly over the details. "Don't know where they got the facts, but it looks like they got 'em right." The captain scratched his head, then for the next few minutes he looked out of the window and watched the passing throng; he was pondering deeply. Finally he inquired: "What did you do?"

"The desk sergeant grinned. "Not a blither," stung he answered. "The captain shot a glance of surprised approval at his inferior. "For once, by gum," he conceded "you hit the nail upon the head. This isn't a case for the police—not yet." "Then for who?" The desk sergeant looked dubious. "For Peter Broderick," said the captain, nodding. "What's Peter Broderick got to do with it?" inquired the desk sergeant, still doubtful. "The captain seized the telephone, but paused to explain: "Peter Broderick has got everything to do with it, since the people put his birthright Murgatroyd into the prosecutor's office. You know as well as I do that there's been too many rumpuses in Cradlebaugh's office. Murgatroyd sent word from the courthouse that the place would be closed up, cleaned out, if there was any more trouble there."

"And Broderick?" persisted the sergeant. "Broderick gave me orders to be tipped off hard when anything happens to Cradlebaugh's—no matter what. And that," concluded the captain, "is enough for you and me; we've got to obey orders—see?" He removed the receiver from his hook

to-morrow Cover Dou

Strawbridge & Clothier

dark street, isn't it? And other houses as well as Cradlebaugh's have an opening on that street, haven't they? I say that this thing wasn't pulled off inside of Cradlebaugh's; it was the work of an unknown assassin—a thug. Do you understand?" he declared emphatically. "You want the captain to work it out on the theory? Isn't that it?" "I don't want the captain to work it out on any theory!" yelled Broderick. "Let the captain sit still—do nothing!—say nothing! I'm doing this thing—I'll work out all the necessary theories! Do you hear?" "The captain told me to remind you that Prosecutor Murgatroyd— "Broderick sprang to his feet and stood glowering over the sergeant. "Murgatroyd! Nobody has to remind me of Murgatroyd—confound him! I'm always being reminded of him. He's the only officer in this street that hasn't got the decency to know that what I say goes! Sergeant," he went on confidentially, "this is a blamed important thing, and before I do anything else going downtown to consult Mr. Graham Thorne, I'll bring him up to Cradlebaugh's; you tell your captain to meet us there in an hour and a half. That's all I got to do—all you've got to do—I'll do the rest. Now go."

Twenty minutes later Broderick waddled into the private office of Graham Thorne, Esquire, counselor at law. "Thorne," he exclaimed, lounging back comfortably in a chair, "have you seen about this thing? Do you know what happened there last night?" Thorne again grimly and pointed to the pile of morning papers on his desk. "I knew about it at 6 o'clock this morning. I've been waiting for you to turn up for the last four hours. There was a note of superiority in his voice, which, strange to say, Broderick in no wise resented. "Well," buried out the politician, "what are you going to do about it?" "What are you going to do about it?" asked the lawyer in turn. "I can handle the police," Broderick affirmed.

"That goes without saying; but we're not talking about anything more than the police." "If Tom Martin or Sam Apper was the prosecutor now," yelled Broderick, "we'd have no trouble. They used to come to my regularly for instructions— "But," he protested, "Martin isn't prosecutor, neither is Apper. Murgatroyd is prosecutor, and— "Confound the man!" interrupted Broderick. "You're not straight that he leans over backward. It was he who said six weeks ago that the Tweedle suicide was the last straw; that if another fracas occurred in the office of Cradlebaugh's it would be good-by to Cradlebaugh's. And now there's this blamed murder!"

Thorne looked Broderick in the eye for a moment and asked more than the police. "Do you know that murder happened inside of Cradlebaugh's?" "No; but I'm satisfied it did." "Have you talked to Penniman?" Broderick stared in surprise. "No; haven't you?" "Thorne shook his head. "You forget that I waited here for you. Now that you're here, my idea is to see Penniman and get the facts."

"The captain of the Precinct will be there," explained Broderick. "He understands that you're counsel for Cradlebaugh's." "Come on," repeated Thorne; "we'll go and see Penniman." Broderick remained seated. Presently he said hesitatingly: "Just a second, counselor—I wish you'd draw a check for five for me." "Dollars?" "No." "Hundreds?" "No." "Five thousand?" Thorne whistled. "Coming it just a bit strong, Broderick. Broderick vigorously shook his head. "Now, look here, Thorne, I've got no complaint to make of you, and you've got no complaint to make of me. You've paid me well, but you've had blamed good returns for it, haven't you? Come now!" "Yes," admitted Thorne. "But—" "No buts," interrupted Broderick. "This is a crisis."

Thorne drew down the corners of his mouth. "Do you think that I don't know it's a crisis?" He went back to his desk, drew forth a check book and wrote a check. Before passing it over to Broderick, he looked him squarely in the eye and added: "Peter, I've always paid you by check and taken your receipt." "Sure," returned Broderick. "I'm no officeholder; you could publish it in the newspapers; nobody could find fault."

"The point is," continued Thorne, referring to a memorandum, "that I've passed over to you a slight of money." "And you got a slight of influence in return," retorted Broderick. Thorne passed over the \$5000 check, signed Broderick by his arm, marched him out, then he began to relieve his mind. "Broderick, I want more influence. I've got a pet scheme, a great ambition that is overweighing, overhitting, it won't down; it owns me body and soul." He paused a moment before finally coming to the point. "I want some day to sit in the Senate of the United States."

"Pshaw!" whistled Broderick. "Nothing stingy about you!" "I shall want every iota of your influence," Thorne went on; "I shall need it."

Continued tomorrow

WHAT'S DOING TO NIGHT

Municipal Park Band, Cennel Park, 8:30-9:00 o'clock. Philadelphia Band, City Hall Plaza, 8:00 o'clock. County Medical Society, College of Physicians, Members. Fairmount Park Band, Belmont Mansion, 8 o'clock. Philadelphia Band, City Hall Plaza, 8:00 o'clock. Colonel P. H. Goodwin, of British army medical corps, speaks on medical aspect of war, Mitchell Hall, College of Physicians, 8:30 o'clock. Physicians.

The Stanley

MARKET ABOVE 15TH TODAY—LAST TIME Jack Pickford and Louise Huff in First Presentation of "What Money Can't Buy"

COST INCLUDES THEODORE ROBERTS COMEDY "SALLY IN HERMOSUE" GOLDWIN PICTURES, THIS MEANS SUCH FAMOUS WRITERS AS IRVING C. COBB and MARGARET MATO

PALACE 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MARY PICKFORD IN THE TIMELY PRODUCTION "THE LITTLE AMERICAN"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 10TH 10:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. DOROTHY DALTON IN "THE FLAME OF THE YUKON"

REGENT MARKET Below 17TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MABEL TALLIAFERRO "PEGGY, WILL O' THE WISP"

VICTORIA MARKET Above 9TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. M. I. M. COOPER IN FIRST SHOWING OF "THE INNOCENT SINNER"

GLOBE Theatre JUNEVAUDEVILLE-Continental 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. CHARLOTTE PARRY'S Protean Novelty "INTO THE LIGHT" "THE WEDDING TRIP," etc.

CROSS KEYS DAILY 2:30-10:00 Eves. 7 & 9, 10c, 20c, 30c EMILY SMILEY & Co.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE Chestnut and 12th BERNARD GRANVILLE GUS EDWARDS' BANDBOX REVUE HUNT & DEMARBY SMITH & AUSTIN; DICKINSON & DEAGONS; SIG. FRANZ & Co. Other Stars. Today at 2, 2:30 & 5:00; Tonight at 8, 10c to 25c.

Aradia Ice Palace Widener Building Esque splendor of St. Moritz. Cool and bracing air. Dancing every evening.

FISHING & surf bathing are fine at Ocean Harbor. Reading, 11 Excursion. Cortissoz Priv. Dancing School, 1520 Chestnut. 6 lessons \$5. Ph. Locust 1520.

Call, phone or write for illustrated catalogue and full particulars.

HEPPE OUTFITS VICTROLA IV \$15.00 4 10-in. Double-face Records 3.00 Total cost \$18.00 Pay \$3 down, \$2.50 monthly. VICTROLA VI \$25.00 5 10-in. Double-face Records 3.75 Total cost \$28.75 Pay \$4 down, \$3 monthly. VICTROLA VIII \$40.00 Records, your selection 4.00 Total cost \$44.00 Pay \$4 down, \$3.50 monthly. VICTROLA IX \$50.00 Records, your selection 5.00 Total cost \$55.00 Pay \$5 down, \$4 monthly. VICTROLA X \$75.00 Records, your selection 5.00 Total cost \$80.00 Pay \$5 down, \$5 monthly. VICTROLA XI \$100.00 Records, your selection 5.00 Total cost \$105.00 Pay \$8 down, \$6 monthly. VICTROLA XIV \$150.00 Records, your selection 10.00 Total cost \$160.00 Pay \$10 down, \$8 monthly. VICTROLA XVI \$200.00 Records, your selection 10.00 Total cost \$210.00 Pay \$10 down, \$10 monthly.